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THE CHRONICLE.

ART AND ARTISTS IN AMERICA.

LEUTZE'S WASHINGTON.—We are happy to learn, upon the best authority, that the exhibition of this picture is meeting with the success it deserves. It proves a most important fact—that the labor bestowed upon a work in the highest department of Art, provided the subject is properly chosen, and the execution masterly, will be adequately remunerated, even in this country, where it has been the fashion to say that high Art is neglected. It is evident now, that a well-painted picture of a scene which interests the great mass of the community, and which they can understand and appreciate, will be successful even as a money speculation.

The fact is, the people care nothing for what they do not understand. They do not value pictures as mere "pictures." The most exquisite color, remarkable arrangement of light and shadow, or forcible drawing, interests them but little. It is the *subject* of the work which fixes their attention; the character and feeling and passions expressed.

When we talk of the decline of Art, we seem to forget that human nature is the same now that it was in the days of Phidias or Raphael. Mankind have the same nervous organization, the same susceptibility to impressions of moral and physical beauty, they had in the days of Pericles, or of Leo the Tenth. The language of Art can address us as forcibly as it did those who sacrificed before the gold and ivory statue of Jupiter Olympius, or those who knelt at the bier of Raphael beneath the canvas of the Transfiguration. But Jupiter has lost all his thunderbolts for us, and it was the thunderbolts which awed the multitude, not the hand of Phidias. It was the idea of an Omnipotent Divinity which was stirring their hearts, and which the sculptor's model seemed to represent. His triumph was not in giving them a loftier idea, it was only in giving substance and tangible form to one they already possessed. Thousands of devout souls had long imagined a union of heavenly qualities in the Mother of Christ, more transcendently lovely than the artist's pencil had created. It was not until the *Madonna di San Sisto* appeared that this creature of the imagination assumed fixed lineaments and proportions. Raphael was the great Interpreter of the peculiar religious emotions of his countrymen, not the independent creator of a new class of ideas.

Is the heart of our people stirred by no deep, universal, genuine impulse, noble enough to be embodied in Art? Is there no ideal of unsullied patriotism, inflexible justice, the highest wisdom blended with the rarest modesty, and the most unequalled courage and perseverance, to which thousands and tens of thousands of our people are striving to give adequate expression? We believe there is, and that it is afforded by the *Character of Washington*. The reverential love of Americans for that character is so deep and so wide-spread, that the artist who can respond to it and interpret it—who can show us the lineaments of our hero in such a way as to satisfy our conceptions of the grandeur of his nature and his position—will receive honors equal to those which attended the greatest of the ancient masters.

Art has nobler work to do than to invoke the ghosts of dead ideas. She must ally herself to the realities of daily life. She must link herself with the great thoughts that are stirring the hearts of living men and women. She must not live a pale nun amidst dry skulls and mouldering relics, but rather put on armor, like Joan of Arc, and lead the hosts in the great battle of Truth, marking by her bright oriflamme the spot where the contest is the hottest, and the victory most uncertain.

NEW WORKS BY CROPSEY.—Mr. Cropsey, who in many respects resembles Mr. Cole, has lately been carrying the resemblance still farther, by painting two pictures in that epico-allegorical style, if we may so call it, in which our great landscape painter delighted. They are large works, measuring each six feet by four feet, and may soon be seen at the artist's studio, in the Dispensary building, at the corner of Centre and White streets; they are called the *Spirit of War* and the *Spirit of Peace*. A friend sends the following description of them:

The Spirit of War.—The material of this picture is that of feudal times. Storm and tempest have raged during the night. The first rays of the morning sun spread a red and lurid light over the scene; it gleams through heavy mist and storm-clouds, upon a dark and gloomy castle, which crowns a rocky and inaccessible eminence. Its halls have rung with revelry, while an enemy have passed up the valley, sacking and burning the little hamlets, and are now seen watching the flames. They are discovered; the beacon fires blaze from the summit of the mountain—the alarm is given, and the feasting knights ride out with precipitate haste for battle; the goatherd drives his frightened flock to the castle-keep for safety; the mother and child, having fled from the burning town, lie exhausted at the road-side; in the craggy rock upon which stands the castle, is seen the wizard, invoking evil.

The deep red banners—the red lurid light and conflagration—are suggestive of blood and carnage; the disarrangement of pastoral life and domestic unhappiness follow in the footsteps of war.

The Spirit of Peace.—Here the sun is setting with a mellow light, while the new moon smiles upon a partially new scene; for now the ocean comes in view, and the snow-covered mountains are distantly seen. The spirit of war and its associations are buried in the silence and peace of the tomb. By the sculpture upon it of a knight, followed by the figure of Death, bearing burning torches, and treading over the dead, the pictures are identified. Palm and olive trees grow upon the ruin of War's strong towers, and amid them has arisen a temple to Peace, from the altar of which ascends a spontaneous and unceasing incense to the sky. At the temple is a statue of the lion, lamb, and child together, and sculptured upon its pedestal are the incidents of turning "their swords into plowshares," and "their spears into pruning-hooks." Industry, Agriculture, and Commerce are indicated by the cultivated fields, the busy and growing appearance of the town, and sails which "whiten the sea." Where, in the picture of War, originated Evil and Sorrow, is now Happiness, Pleasure, and Learning, suggested by the happy mother, and the goatherd gently leading his

flock, the dancing and merry-making group, and the figures of History and Science.

Upon the frieze of the temple is sculptured, in the principal compartment, the angel appearing to the shepherds, announcing the birth of the highest Peace Advocate—the Saviour, accompanied by the words—"On earth, peace." The other compartments contain incidents from His life. In one, His Sermon on the Mount, with the inscription—"Blessed are the peace-makers." In another His blessing of little children, and in the last one, His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and the passage—"Peace in Heaven."

The cornice is formed of the wheat-sheaf and palm-branch—emblems of peace and plenty.

Open to all is the altar of the Temple; in relief upon it are angels, supporting a book, written with letters of gold, as though from the heart up through the influences of the sacred volume there breathes a pure and acceptable peace-incense to God.

KOSSUTH AND THE ARTISTS.—Every reader of old Vasari's quaint histories, will remember the description he gives of public ceremonials in the days of the Medici, at Florence, and the prominent part assigned to artists, in their design and arrangement. The entry of monarchs into the city—the marriages of the grandees—the funerals of distinguished men, and other affairs of similar character, derived their chief splendor from the artistic genius displayed in the apparatus of the solemnity. The most renowned painters, sculptors, and architects did not hesitate to lend their services on such occasions, although their assistance was asked for the production of decorations no more lasting than the occasions which suggested them. Triumphal arches, cars, statues, columns, catafalques, baldachinos, transparencies, banners, and other appurtenances to public displays, were thus often produced, which deserved a more lasting honor than the transient admiration of the populace. All records of them have now entirely perished, excepting in the long-winded descriptions of old George Vasari. In modern times distinguished artists have also sometimes assisted in arranging public ceremonials. David in the time of the first French Revolution, was famous for his skill in preparing these displays. We remember to have read in the *Moniteur*, a programme concocted by him for one of the numerous festivals with which the Parisians amused themselves alternately with the guillotine, that shows the classical character of his style, as much as any of his pictures. Judging from the descriptions, they must have been truly inspiring and splendid exhibitions.

Some of the artists of New-York volunteered their services to the Common Council to assist in the preparations for the reception of Kossuth. The following letter was addressed to the Mayor on their behalf:

To Hon. Ambrose C. Kingsland:

RESPECTED SIR: At the request of a number of my brother artists, and with the permission of others, I had the honor, on Thursday last, of presenting a communication, a copy of which is inclosed, to Alderman Franklin, Chairman of the Executive Committee for the reception of Kossuth, tendering their services gratuitously, to aid in furnishing designs, or in superintending the erection of decorative arches; or in works of an artistic character, wherein their services

might be deemed most useful. To this communication, we have, as yet, received no reply.

Feeling deep interest in the great effort that has been going on for these last few years, in Europe, for the good of mankind; and entertaining, in common with the rest of our countrymen, the sincerest admiration for the greatest of the leaders in that effort, Louis Kossuth, now an exile, and by the invitation and aid of our Government, soon to be a guest among us—and wishing to join with our fellow-citizens, or at least to have them know that we are willing to cooperate with them, to the extent of our ability, in any demonstration which they may choose to bring forward to grace the occasion of his arrival in our city—I say, feeling thus, towards the cause, the man, and our fellow-citizens, you will excuse me for laying this, our offer, again before you.

In addition to the above, I have the honor to add another proposition, suggested by Mr. Leutze—viz: That if it is the intention of yourself and the Honorable the Common Council, among the other civilities to be extended to our guest and his generous compatriots, to give a public dinner or banquet to him and them, on or soon after his arrival—that if you will set apart one end of the hall to the artists of New York, they will, in a body, under the direction of Mr. Leutze and others, lend their aid in decorating the room, presenting a tableau, allegorical and typical of the occasion, or in decorating the hall in such a way as they may deem most suitable and proper for the time.

As explaining the design which they may have in contemplation of presenting, would, by anticipation, be likely to destroy much of its effect, allow me to mention the names of some of the artists who have already signified their wish or willingness to take part in such a demonstration:

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| J. T. KENSETT, | THOMAS HICKS, |
| LOUIS LANG, | T. P. ROSSITER, |
| E. LEUTZE, | C. P. CRANCH, |
| T. ADDISON RICHARDS, | S. R. GIFFORD, |
| WILLIAM WALCUTT, | R. W. HUBBARD, |
| JOSEPH KYLE, | JAMES H. CAFFERTY, |
| CHARLES BLAUVELT, | ROBT. J. RAYNER: |

Hoping for the aid of all others, whom our limited time has prevented us from consulting.

As this work, should it be undertaken, involves considerable time for preparation, an early answer will very greatly oblige us.

I have the honor Sir, to be,

With high respect, yours,

VINCENT COLYER.

The necessity of going to press at an early day, prevents us from announcing whether this offer is to have any practical result. We hope it has been accepted and acted upon. There is room enough for improvement in the taste of our municipal displays. A great public funeral, for instance, as it is usually conducted, is any thing but impressive. A clumsy car, bedizened with silver lace, and drawn by draped horses, led by grooms in Oriental costume, is the highest artistic effort in which the civic imagination has thus far indulged. The Da Vinci or Buonarrotti, who directs our solemnity, is the Corporation undertaker; and for the symbolical figures that were carried in the Florentine processions, we have hackney coaches, filled with aldermen, "bearing their staves of office."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE NEW EDITION OF REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.—The wood-cuts of this work, just about to be published by Mr. Scribner, are so excellent both in design and execution, that they demand particular notice from those who attempt to chronicle the progress of American Art. They are drawn by DARLEY, and cut by WHITNEY, BOBBETT and EDMONDS,

KINNERSLEY, HERRICK, and others, in a way which shows that we are rapidly advancing in wood-engraving, to a rank beside the best artists in England and the Continent. These cuts are printed with a tint, the lights being left white, and the whole effect is extremely pleasing. Mr. Darley has shown his usual command over the expression of character and feelings. We would have been better pleased if he had made the costume of his men a little less soigné. There is the slightest possible hint of the fashion-plate, in the tie of the neckcloth and the accurate fitting of the trowsers. We ought not to complain of this, perhaps, when it is found united with so much ease and naturalness in the attitudes of the figures. Mr. Darley is generally not so successful in the effects of light and shadow as in form, but these illustrations are certainly better in the quality we allude to, than the drawings for Irving's works, or any of the artist's previous productions.

WILLIAM S. MOUNT.—We find in a late Number of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, a notice of this artist, from which we translate the following extracts:—

Mount has great merits, but he has also great defects. Whether he is excusable more or less for these defects is not now the question. Our business is to pass a judgment, and not to write a panegyric. Putting aside our sympathies for him we will frankly give our opinion. The same thing has happened to Mount which has happened to all men of talent—his merits have either been overrated or not sufficiently appreciated. This arises from the ordinary incompetence of the public in questions of Art. Some think it a mark of taste to praise every thing; others suppose that to appear profound they must disparage every thing. Let us steer clear of enthusiasts as well as detractors.

Mount is perhaps of all American painters the most serious (although he makes no pretensions that way), the most original, and above all, the most national. He belongs to no school—he is *himself* before any thing else; and this is not in our opinion his least merit. . . . There are some pretended critics in America whose pens in writing of Mount, seek the names of Hogarth, Teniers, or Ostade. They might as well add those of Titian or Rubens. The comparison would even have gained by this, in point of fantasy and drollery, for Mount's painting resembles that of those old masters as much, for instance, as Delaroche resembles Watteau. . . . Mount's coloring is crude, meagre, and inconsistent. This, in our opinion, is the great defect of the American painter. There are opinions which will not agree perhaps with ours, but we will not discuss them here, for this is a matter of feeling.

In connection with this poverty of the palette, Mount's design is correct. He composes with simplicity, and almost always expresses happily his entire thought. The physiognomies of his characters have an exquisite truth and subtleness of expression. There is a movement, a life in his canvas, and above all, a local feeling, an odor of the soil, if we may use the expression, which arrests, at the first glance, the attention of all who have travelled through the State of New-York and studied American life.

We have said above that Mount is not to be

classed with any school. He imitates nobody, and follows the traditions of no particular master. Living retired with his sister at Stony Brook, a village situated about three miles from Setauket, on Long Island, he has never left the United States. He seeks his inspirations around him, in his barn or in his fields, and afterwards, to put them upon canvas, retires to his garret, where he has made a rude but comfortable atelier. . . . He paints as the fancy strikes him, like all true artists. Sometimes he remains for weeks without touching his pencil, but his thoughts are not the less busy. People who think need not always have the working tools in their hands.

Mount is not rich in spite of his reputation. He is above want, that is all. "What signifies," he says and thinks, "a hundred or so of dollars, more or less; I am happy as I am, and enjoy a blessing which all the gold in the world cannot buy—the love of my Art, which occupies my life, and gilds the modest whitewashed walls of my country studio." For in that the artist is also a philosopher. He is contented with the *aurum mediocritatem*.

Most of Mr. Mount's good pictures have been either engraved or lithographed in England or in France. We will mention *Bargaining for a Horse*; *Nooning*; *The Power of Music*; *Music is Contagious*; *Just in Tune*, and others which we do not recollect. Mount, already well known in England, is beginning to be known also in France. Thanks to Messrs. Goupil & Co., who, with their usual tact, have availed themselves of the talent of the most national, and as well as richly endowed of the American Artists. This painter is, indeed, the pure expression of the artistic genius of the United States—a genius still in its adolescence, and wanting in the experience of old civilization, but full of sap, and fecundated by the Love of Country, that sublime faith which seems to have deserted the European nations, and taken refuge with Liberty, her sister, on the shores of the New World. •

We were not aware that any of Mr. Mount's works had been engraved in England. The American Art-Union engraved his *Nooning* for the subscribers of 1843, and is now engraving *The Bargaining for a Horse*, which is considered by many to be his master-piece, for the subscribers of the present year.

MOVEMENTS OF AMERICAN ARTISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—MR. HUNTINGTON has recently returned from London, bringing with him his portraits of Sir Charles L. Eastlake and the Archbishop of Canterbury. They are excellent productions, and equal if not superior to any which have ever come from his easel. The former represents the President of the Royal Academy in a loose robe with a fur collar, and wearing the gold medal of office suspended from his neck. The other is a portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which his family considered to be the best likeness ever taken of him,—so good that Mr. Huntington, before leaving England, executed a duplicate for a near relative of his distinguished sitter. In addition to these, he painted a portrait of the Earl of Carlisle, which it is stated was also highly successful. This is now in the hands of Messrs. Graves, the celebrated print publishers of London, by whom it is to be engraved. We are

very glad to find that sculpture is not the only department of the fine arts in which America has been honorably represented in England during the past season. We can doubtless claim a high rank in portraiture, and it is well that so excellent an artist in this branch as Mr. Huntington should have been able to exhibit specimens of his ability abroad, although to a much more limited circle, of course, than that which admired Mr. Powers' productions in the Crystal Palace.

—There are several works upon exhibition in the Art-Union Gallery, which prove that our friends in Paris are making good use of their time and advantages. A new name appears among them—Mr. HUNT—who sends three very striking pictures, *The Prodigal Son*, a *Savoyard*, and *The Grape Seller*.

We have never seen any of the works of Conture, in whose atelier, we believe, Mr. Hunt is a student, and whose style, it is said, has influenced these compositions. However this may be, they bear the marks of great original power, and their author we think, if he should persevere, may aspire to take rank with the highest. He takes a firm grasp of his ideas, and fastens them on the canvas as strong and vigorous as when he first seized them. Mr. ENNINGER has sent over three works, one of which, the *Knickerbocker*, is hanging in the Gallery. Our readers will recollect the sketch of it in outline, which was published in the August number of our journal. It makes a charming picture. The effect of light is beautiful. The color is a great improvement upon the young artist's previous efforts, and the character and expression of the sketch have not been overlaid by the paint as sometimes happens. Mr. MAY has completely changed his style, judging from his *Esmeralda*, which in point of expression and feeling gratified us very much. He seemed to us however not so successful in handling as in sentiment.

—GREENOUGH, the sculptor, arrived in Boston a few weeks since from Italy, on a visit to his friends in this country, after an absence of nine years. He will also receive and superintend the erection of his marble group, which was executed for the Capitol at Washington, and which we have described in previous numbers of our Journal. This group is now ready for transportation.

—WILLIAM W. STORY, the son of the late Judge Story, and a sculptor of promise, left this country with his family, on the 13th of October, for Italy, where he intends to remain for some time.

—CRAWFORD, the sculptor, has received the honor of an election as Honorary Member of the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg.

—WOODVILLE has returned to Europe and will reside for the present in London, where he has taken lodgings in Newman-st., Oxford-st.

—BALL HUGHES' expressive statue of *Oliver Twist*, which was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, is favorably noticed in the *London News*.

NEW WORKS BY BINGHAM.—We find in the *Missouri Statesman* the following account of some recent pictures by this artist.

The first which fell under our observation, and the most prominent was, *the day of election*. This picture has engaged the artist constantly for three months, occupies canvas about three by four feet, and is composed of upwards of sixty figures. Prominently on the right, on the

main street of a western village, we have the place of voting, the court-house, in the porch of which the clerks and judges are assembled—one of the judges, a thick pursy-looking citizen, being engaged in swearing a voter, a well-set Irishman in a red flannel shirt. Near by is a political striker, a distributor of tickets, very politely tendering his services in that regard to an approaching voter. Around and in front is the crowd, composed of many large and prominent figures—some engaged in earnest conversation, some drinking at a cake and liquor stand, some smoking and some hearing a paragraph read from a newspaper. But we cannot give a description of this painting. Several hours would not suffice fully to examine it, so numerous and life-like are the characters. Indeed it is full of reality, a seeming incarnation, prominent in figure, grouped and colored with admirable skill and effect. Persons of highly cultivated taste in the fine arts, and critics in general, will accord to it a remarkable degree of genius and merit.

There was also in his studio a smaller painting, another political scene of great originality of conception, and beauty of finish, to wit: *Candidate Electioneering*. We likewise examined the *Chess Players*, and a very beautiful landscape *Scene on the Ohio*. All these paintings are executed with a master's hand, and are well worthy the examination of connoisseurs of the art. The political scenes are original and bold, and present a class of subjects entirely new.

Mr. Bingham we understand intends taking these paintings to St. Louis, where he will spend the winter.

SALE OF THE JARVIS COLLECTION.—This collection, of which we gave some description in a previous number of the Bulletin, and which embraced certain paintings which formerly belonged to the Archbishop of Tarento, in Italy, was sold on the 11th and 12th of last month by Messrs. Lyman & Rawdon, the well-known auctioneers of works of art and literary property, at their sales-rooms, Nos. 377 and 379 Broadway, in this city. The aggregate amount of sales was \$9,596 37. The catalogue embraced 178 objects. Among the principal items of this sale were, an *Entombment*, copied from Raphael, by Girgenti, sold for \$60; *The Four Virtues*, copied from Raphael, by Carelli, \$41 each; copies by the same, from Raphael's frescoes of the *School of Athens*, *Heliodorus*, *Attila*, and the *Fire in the Borgo*, for \$590 each; portrait of Queen *Johanna*, of Naples, copied by Carelli from Bronzino, for \$350; *Saint Luke painting the Likeness of the Virgin*, copied by Carelli, for \$270; *The Adoration of Wise Men*, ascribed to Giulio Romano, for \$100; *St. Thomas Aquinas* by Muziano, for \$350; Copy of Sasso Ferrato's *Madonna*, for \$325; Volpato's Engravings of *Raphael's Frescoes*, \$9 62½ each; *The Annunciation to the Shepherds*, by Spagnolletto, for \$220; *The Prodigal Son*, by the same, \$235; *Repose in Egypt*, by Girgenti, \$255; Copy of Domenichino's *St. Jerome*, for \$280; A copy of Guido's *Crucifixion*, for \$520; Ruben's *Adoration of the Magi*, for \$210.

THE PROFESSORSHIP OF DRAWING AT THE FREE ACADEMY.—We regret to hear that the state of Prof. Duggan's health will not permit him to make a winter voyage home from England, and that he will probably remain in London for the present. Meanwhile Mr. Körner, who has taught drawing successfully abroad, and written with much ability upon subjects connected with Art, is temporarily discharging Prof. Duggan's duties at the Free Academy. We are very glad

to be informed that the principal object of the Professor's visit has been accomplished, and the Academy will before many months be put in possession of full-sized casts of the Elgin marbles. The arrival of these works, the most fresh and vigorous expressions of the Greek genius in sculpture will mark an era in the history of our school. We cannot but believe that other citizens will follow the noble example of those who have commenced this undertaking, and that all the pure forms of Greek Art will soon be made accessible to American students.

THE BRONZE DOG.—We desire to correct an impression which seems to be entertained by some of the visitors at the Art-Union Gallery, that this fine work was cast abroad. It was designed and modelled by Mr. T. F. Hoppin in Providence, R. I., and afterwards cast in bronze by the Messrs. Audubon, at their foundry in this city. It is wholly an American production. There have been few works in the Gallery so much admired as this bronze. There is a life-like animation about it which at once arrests the attention. It requires no learning to understand and appreciate it. Uninstructed people and children enjoy it as much as the cultivated connoisseur.

ART UNION OF PHILADELPHIA.—We are indebted to the Corresponding Secretary of this Institution for a copy of its print for the subscribers of 1851, *Christiana and her Children in the Valley of Death*. This work has been engraved by Messrs. C. E. WAGSTAFF, and J. ANDREWS, after Mr. HUNTINGTON's picture. It is in the mixed style, being partly mezzotint, and partly line—a manner, which although lower in the scale of art, and considerably less expensive than pure line, is, nevertheless, capable of producing pleasing effects. The grace and expression of the original picture seem to be cleverly rendered in this engraving; and we doubt not it will be well received by the members of the Association for which it is intended.

ART IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—The *Louisville Journal* states that some preliminary steps are taken to establish an Art-Gallery in Louisville. Mr. Hegan, a public-spirited lover of the fine arts, offers to provide the proper apartment if others will join in a subscription to procure the paintings, statuary, and other *materiel* to occupy it; and there appears to be a general disposition to take him at his word.

FOREIGN ART AND ARTISTS.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN ART NEWS.—FRANCE.—The Minister of the Interior in France addressed a circular to the Prefects of the different departments, inquiring into the number of Museums of Art in their respective localities, the date of their origin, the objects they contain, and their state of preservation, &c. It is thought that this is the commencement of measures which will revive the provincial Museums, and be of immense advantage to Art.

—The restoration of the exterior of the Gallery of the Louvre is advancing, and many delicate details of beautiful sculpture hitherto concealed by the crust of time, may already be seen in nearly their original beauty.

—The French journals contain favorable notices of a statue of Marceau, the young Revolu-

tionary General, by Preault, which was inaugurated at Chartres last September, in the midst of a terrible storm of rain. The military costume of the period seems to have been treated by the artist with very happy effect.

—The exhibition of the works of ten competitors for the grand prizes in Painting, took place in September, as usual, in the Halls of the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris. The critic in the *Artiste*, says it did not tend to modify the opinions of those who believe in the injurious influence of the Academy. This institution, he adds, has been stationary for fifty years, and imposes upon its pupils a style from which if they deviate, they are certain to be excluded. He defies the most experienced connoisseur to distinguish between the prize pictures of 1851, and those of 1817. The subject of the prize picture this year was *Pericles, crowning the corpse of his son, who had just before died of the plague*.

—Mr. Niewerkerke has lately finished his small model of the statue of Napoleon intended for the city of Lyons.

—The Halls of Modern Sculpture have been opened at the Louvre, although they are not yet entirely finished and furnished. These halls are divided into two parts—the first contains all the sculpture of the Renaissance; the second commences with Anguier and Francheville, and finishes with Canova.

—A new hall at the Louvre was also opened to the public on the 12th of October last, appropriated to works in enamel, pottery, and porcelain.

—The French Assembly not long since passed a grant for the resumption of the suspended excavations at Nineveh. These are to be directed by M. Place, the successor of M. Botta as French Consul at Mosul. Another grant was made for fitting out a scientific expedition to Assyria, and a third for clearing out a Temple of Serapis, discovered in the environs of Memphis.

—The French public has been glorifying itself over M. Rochet's bronze equestrian statue of *William the Conqueror*, which was inaugurated October 26th at Falaise in Normandy, his birth-place, after having been triumphantly exhibited in Paris. It is one of the most daring compositions ever attempted in monumental statuary. The horse is in the act of rearing, and clings to the base on which it stands by only the two hind feet and some hairs of the tail. A little national prejudice seems to have been connected with artistic enthusiasm in the prominence given to this statue of the French Conqueror of England.

ENGLAND.—Since the Great Exhibition closed, little has occurred in England, in the Art-world, of much interest.

—Mr. Samuel Beasely, the architect, died in the latter part of October. He also gained some celebrity as a writer for the stage.

—The four vacancies in the Associate list of members of the Royal Academy, were filled in the early part of last month, by the election of Messrs. Boxall, E. W. Cooke, Frank Stone, and Henry Weekes. There were sixty-five candidates for this honor, and, of course, the selection has given offence.

—11,217 pictures have been imported into England, from foreign countries, during the past year.

—The date of the marriage of Vandyck, to Mary Ruthven, in 1640, has been discovered, lately, by Col. Cowell, in some investigations among the Ewrie papers.

—Mr. W. Wyon, the distinguished die-sinker and medallist, is dead.

GERMANY.—*The Hero and The Lion*, a commission given some years ago by King Frederick William to Rauch, and on which his pupil Albrecht Wolff, has been engaged for a long time, is in a forward state. It is intended for the empty pedestal in front of the Museum, as a pendant to the famous group of the Amazon, by Kiss. It is stated that the attitude of the Hero is noble, and the composition of the figures graceful and effective. It is not expected to be cast in bronze for two or three years.

—While Mademoiselle Rachel was in Berlin, the king commissioned a young sculptor, Mr. Alfinger, to make a statuette of the eminent actress. When she visited the residence of this artist to sit for the purpose, she found the vestibule and passage leading to the atelier dressed with flowers and odoriferous plants—a homage to her genius on the part of the ladies of Mr. Alfinger's household.

BELGIUM.—The artists of Brussels have given the King a splendid fête, for which a temporary edifice of great magnificence was constructed, and great taste shown in the decorations. It was as large as a cathedral, and could contain 10,000 persons. The style was Arabic and Byzantine. Artists of different nations were employed to decorate its interior, so that it was covered in every part by numbers of most beautiful pictures. The most brilliant lights, flowers, fountains, and marble statues, added to the superb effect.

HOLLAND.—On the 2d of October, at the Hague, a statue of Rembrandt, sixteen feet in height, and modelled by M. Royer, was cast in bronze at the foundry of Messrs. Entham & Co. Notwithstanding its colossal size, it does only weigh about 18000 pounds. It is intended for Amsterdam, where Rembrandt died.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED LIVING ENGLISH ARTISTS.—The *Times* newspaper of this city has an agreeable correspondent, from whose contributions we borrow the following notices of the LANDSEERS, and TURNER.

THE BROTHERS LANDSEER.—The name of LANDSEER must be familiar to every admirer of animal painting. Two brothers, EDWIN and THOMAS, are famous. So was their father before them. Before we sketch the former, let us take a glance, at the latter.

Some years since we made one of a snug supper party at VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW'S, the flower painter to the Queen, at his residence in Charlotte-street, Portland-place. Among the guests was a very old gentleman, with such a vigorous head as before I never saw. The eye was keen, small and piercing, the nose small, and the mouth full of determination. He was of the middle height and very simply attired. By his side, on the table, lay a hearing trumpet, for he was extremely deaf. This was THOMAS LANDSEER, the elder.

Mr. LANDSEER was an engraver, and lectured on his art years ago at the Royal Academy. He was the Queen's teacher of etching, but should any one refer to this in his presence, the old man exhibits the utmost irritation, and for this reason he tells the story himself.

Long after he had ceased regularly to attend

Her Majesty, when Princess Victoria, and since her marriage, the Queen wished some information from her old instructor, so Landseer was sent for to Buckingham Palace, and requested to bring with him some newly constructed etching needles. Accordingly he obeyed the Royal command—spent four hours in giving the Queen results of his experience, and was then requested to retire to an ante-room. There he remained until one of the ladies of the household came to him and said Her Majesty wished to know the price of the new implements. "Half a crown," replied the astonished artist, who very reasonably expected some remuneration for his time and expenditure of talent. Presently back came the lady with two-and-sixpence, and a powdered flunky bowed Mr. LANDSEER to the hired carriage which was in waiting.

Once after this Mr. LANDSEER was summoned—this time by Prince ALBERT—but the curt reply he gave the messenger was that "he'd be d—d if he'd ever give a half-crown lesson again."

Very differently behaves his clever and courtly son, Sir EDWIN, whom the Queen honored with a visit at his house in St. John's Wood, a few months since. The great artist is a favored guest at the Royal table, and is on the flood-tide of fortune. He deserves it, too, for no one, either in ancient or modern times, has equalled him as an animal painter:

"Life on his canvases glows,
The fallow deer bound on!
We touch the crouching hare
And wonder 'tis not gone!"

Sir EDWIN LANDSEER must now be verging on fifty years of age—he is tall, and somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*. Very intellectual is the expression of his features, which are, if not handsome, at least pleasing. His dress is slightly dandyish, and his manners aristocratic. Of his personal appearance, he appears to be somewhat vain, and he paints in white kid gloves! Well, such a man has a right to be a little singular, if he chooses. For the sake of his pictures we could forgive him any eccentricities of this sort.

LANDSEER'S residence is a menagerie in little. Birds, beasts, and fishes are there congregated—perhaps his collection of dogs is the most superb in the world. From the gigantic Irish wolf-dog to the prying spaniel, all are in his kennel. And they are fed and tended more carefully than many a poor biped, who is not deemed worth the canvas on which he should be painted.

Does the reader remember LANDSEER'S splendid picture of the Sleeping Hound? It was painted under the following circumstances: The animal was the property of Mr. JACOB BELL, the chemist of Oxford-street, who for years acted as LANDSEER'S secretary. One day as the animal was looking out of Mr. BELL'S drawing-room window, some dogs were fighting in the road below. Out jumped the hound, but unfortunately he fell on his head and gave up the ghost. Mr. BELL immediately sent for LANDSEER—the head of the dog was placed in a slumbering posture, and the picture we have named was the result. Thus, like Sampson, this dog did more by his death than ever he had done in his lifetime.

Of Sir Edwin's brother, Thomas, it is only necessary to say that he is an excellent engraver and a good painter; but he is far away removed from the greater family luminary.

J. M. W. TURNER.—Do you remark that large, bulky man, who is dressed in a suit of clothes which might have been bought in Petticoat Lane or the Seven Dials, who is just now descending the steps of the National Gallery? Notice that coat of seedy brown which *bags* about his broad back—that vest of ancient fashion—that hat, battered and greasy—those trowsers, shabby and soiled—and that great green gingham umbrella, whose ferule he is thumping on the stone steps. And note, too, the face of the wearer of those well-worn habiliments—it is heavy and dull—the eyes, though, are shrewd and glancing, and the mouth, under the long broad nose, compressed. The entire man looks miserably and miserably, and the keenest observer would never suspect that a spark of imagination glowed within that rugged form.